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Tempo Magazine, Fall 2016

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TEMPO

FALL 2016 // Volume 19 // Issue 1

**WANT REAL WORLD
EXPERIENCE?**

TEMPO

WRITE. DESIGN. SHOOT. tempoccu@g.coastal.edu

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Two weeks before we sent this book to the publisher, I was on my weekly phone call with my friend from home. I was going on about the amount we had left to do and the overwhelming work I had elsewhere. She halted my rant with a question, "Why do you love Tempo?" Suddenly, I was center stage on the Miss America Pageant, hot white beams pointed at me, warming my face. Before I even knew I was replying, the words spewed out of my mouth, "It's a published journal of our semester thoughts. It's a cohesive theme and views that cloud our students' minds – minds that are to be silenced just because we have not obtained our degrees yet. With Tempo we are heard, we are able to be seen, and we are able to be ourselves." Deep, right? I'm surprised I said it too. This book was made with love, sweat, and tears, just as each issue has since the beginning.

So to all the bold and fearless that helped create Volume 19 Issue 1, thank you.

It took me falling from thousands of feet through a somewhat dampening cloud to realize what little power fear really has. I hope it only takes you 62 pages.

Do more. Be more.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Cait Przetak', with a stylized, cursive script.

CAIT PRZETAK
Editor-in-Chief, Fall 2016

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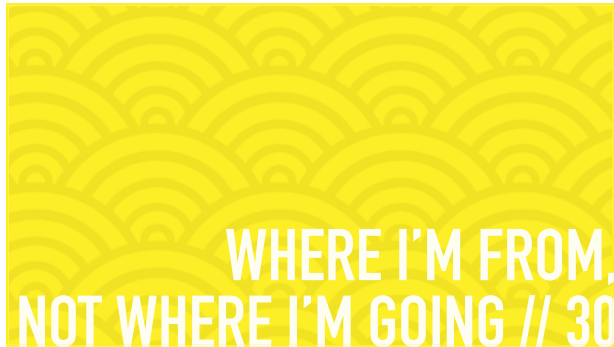
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TEMPO is a student-produced feature magazine, offering publishing experience to some of Coastal Carolina's most talented writers and designers.

Opinions expressed throughout the magazine do not necessarily reflect those of Tempo staff. That said: we wholeheartedly support individualism, and in that regard, we do not publish a single word we regret.

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OVER UNDER

TRIPTHI PILLAI

English

Charles Bukowski

"I'm sympathetic towards the isolation such an individual as he can feel, yet kind of weary of the excessive attraction offered to his character. Overrated because uninspiring aesthetically. Underrated because the complexity of his isolation is simply not addressed, but I don't think that's interesting in and of itself."

Black Sabbath

"Badass because they're Britons: there's a level of 'commonwealth' affinity I feel almost with them. Interesting because they make it possible for people with moderate talent to become monstrously cool. I'm not entirely convinced that they got the literary connections they would make in their music, especially with Norse mythology. I think it's almost comical. So I suppose thank you, Black Sabbath, for not knowing what you were up to. Cool enough to be memorable, but not what I think the epitome of rock potentiality is. Overrated."

Reading Tablets

"Annoying. Deeply annoying. Overrated because, as of now, they lack beauty and I think a book should be beautiful. There is great exaggeration - about its mobility, versatility, and hyper convenience - attached with the story of the tablet. And the name is so annoying. 'Tablet?' What the hell? ...it will never be able to kill the book."

Whole Foods

"Overrated because overpriced. Overrated also because it's racially privileged and its International Foods aisle is truly offensive. Are the foods in all the other aisles US inspired and produced? Probably not. Overrated in its value, underrated in its dangerousness." (A horrible confession of hypocrisy: on rare occasions I shop at Whole Foods.)

Kombucha

"It tastes terrible if you ask me. There's a big lie of 'extreme-nature' healthiness attached to it. There's no evidence of its benefits, not even in traditional tea drinking communities that have been drinking tea for ages. Kombucha's ability to make money off the Western consumer of almost all things Eastern is totally underrated."

Pokémon Go

"Critically underrated as a device or tool that adults can use to embrace once again the petulance of childhood that they are forced to abandon. Pokémon Go allows us not just the mobility but the versatility of resisting the overarching rhetoric of adulthood."

Interview by Zach Thomas

Over / Under features professors' candid ratings and remarks on a variety of topics ranging from classic and lighthearted to trending and serious. These ratings are simple: either overrated or underrated. In staying true to the spirit of Pat Siebel's initial Over / Under in the Fall 2014 issue of Tempo, we trust that these insights will help illuminate the world outside the platonic cave.

CLAYTON WHITESIDES

Anthropology And Geography

Harry Potter

"I remember reading the first book when it came out, but it didn't grab me enough to read any of the others. I haven't seen any of the movies either."

Longboards

"I do support longboards, maybe not around campus as much, because of so many people around, but as an avid longboarder myself I totally support it."

Hoverboards

"Hoverboards no, that's overrated. More of a fire hazard as we've all learned."

Craft Breweries

"You know as a nondrinker I don't frequent them, but I appreciate what they stand for and the artisanship, craft of it. Yeah, I'm all for it."

Tiny Houses

"Love it, the tiny house concept is great. I tried to convince my wife many times that we should buy one but she won't have it. I mean you can use your funds for other things. Less resources used in construction. I think it's a fun idea, especially if you put it on wheels and move it around."

Selfie Sticks

"Way overrated, yeah, I've been hit by a selfie stick in a crowd. Those should be banned."

Yeti Cups

"Yeti cups are totally overrated, there's a lot of cheaper alternatives. I've never had one, but I don't anticipate ever owning one. I just end up drinking out of a non insulated cup anyways, so my water is just the temperature of the air."

Interview by Austin Terry

HER POOR ROOMMATE

As an incoming freshman, I had never lived with strangers before. I had never gone to overnight camps or had to share a small space with ten people. Moving into the freshman dorms, I was sure I was going to be paired up with girls who were the opposite of me and I was going to have a bad experience like all my cousins warned me about. When I opened my dorm door and saw the bright eyed girl who I was going to be living with – we both ecstatically ran into each other's arms and knew that we were a perfect match. We both respected each other, we were both nerds and fangirls over similar shows and books, and we were both excited to study our majors.

There were eight other girls that we lived with, two of whom would eventually drop out, but the other six girls were all similar to me and my roommate. We were all excited to be here and make new friends, we were all happy being paired up and living together, and we all respected and wanted to hang out with one another. All of what I just said was true in the beginning, but crazy never rears its wild eyes until later. You have to give the crazy people time to really show their spots.

The eight of us dwindled down to five, myself and four of the girls who had grown closest to the others in our suite. We ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner with one another, we went to the movies every weekend, we journeyed to the sea and to Broadway and the Strip, and whenever we needed something from the store we would make it a family outing. But this story isn't about the good times that rolled, this story is about the gut twisting, anger

spiking girl that showed just what her crazy "southern charm" really meant.

For the sake of niceties because my ex-suitemate wasn't an extremely horrible person, the person I'm talking about in this story is going to be known as El. El was a chronic liar and she craved attention, and in order to receive that attention she came to her new friends and roommates and told us tales of her life before coming to Coastal.

According to El, and we all believed her at first, her father was emotionally abusive and caused her to have PTSD that was triggered by vacuum cleaners and boisterous screams of celebration. So we treated the situation accordingly and kept our voices down and didn't celebrate loudly when our sports teams scored goals, we did the vacuuming ourselves and always gave El a heads up before turning on the loud object. You have to respect people in this world, everyone is different than you, be kind. This isn't really the same ideology that sunk into El's head.

Respecting your roommate is one of the first rules to living with a roommate is it not? El never really figured that not cleaning up blood puddles or taking out the trash or letting food mold over or keeping garbage in your closet that also molded...I could go on but I'm sure you get the picture. She wasn't messy like she always liked to claim she was, El was filthy.

She once had a nose bleed in the middle of the night and had a hard time opening her door so she left a two foot

puddle of thin blood in front of the doorway, one of which she didn't not clean up for almost a week. She also bled all over the bathroom and all the handles she touched – also not cleaning that up. She claimed she had no time between classes or that her “anxiety” was getting the better of her. She didn't even have her job yet, that comes next semester.

We all liked El; we cared about her, she was part of the family, and because El loved us too she made us food, or at least, cooking was her passion and we just happened to be there to boost her. Her food was pretty good, too much butter and mayonnaise occasionally, but it was her Southern Twist on things. The part I'm more focused on was after she had cooked and baked. Cooking supplies and dishes and ingredients everywhere, she left them sitting out everywhere, and for weeks at a time. In our suite we had three sinks and eight girls to share them, but because El lived with us and she didn't understand courtesy, her dirty dishes were always soaking in the middle sink and scattered around the counter space! We told her time and time again to clean her dishes, I being the one to pleasantly tell, remind, and finally demand her to get out of bed and take care of the filth in our bathroom. She never really took care of it, just transported the dishes from the bathroom into her room. Her poor roommate.

El's poor roommate that was pinned against all of us because El would tell dramatic stories of situations and encounters that never actually happened between them. The spotlight was always around when El was.

El decided to go to a therapist that may or may not have existed and came back to us bi-weekly with the excited news of “You guys! I have social anxiety, depression, PTSD, and I'm prone to getting panic and anxiety attacks!” El would continually mix those two up, by the way. She continually came back from sessions toting a new illness that had been discovered... at one point she came home with a “list” that I never actually saw. She had a list because she wanted to cheat the system and get an emotional support animal... even though she didn't need one and it was all just for show. “I have separation anxiety now, you guys!” I still can't get over this.

People like El are the reason that people who actually suffer from mental illnesses aren't taken seriously, or aren't believed to have any real problem in the first place. El had some sort of illness alright but that fake therapist of hers never seemed to figure out what was really causing all of El's troubles. The worst thing El actually experienced was bad acting and being overwhelmed with college and minor adult responsibilities, like, oh I don't know, cleaning up after yourself.

The semester ended and started again and winter break had never been so sweet. El had switched rooms in the pod because she couldn't take her horrendous roommate anymore. Second semester El was when things really started to get crazy.

El got a job selling cowboy boots near campus and my God with the stories she came back to tell us it's a mystery

how this place wasn't on the news 24/7. She would be asked to sell herself in a prostitution ring, she was offered to run away with a rich foreign model, she was almost robbed at gunpoint by "a couple of Mexicans" that were swiftly chased off by her coworker and the armory they held in the back of the store. But out of all the stories that El came back to us with, my favorite one, the classic tale that's still reminisced to this day, well, surprisingly also has to do with El's displeasure of the Mexican people.

El went to a chiropractor because she had fallen off her high horse one too many times—literally and figuratively I may add. Next to her chiropractor's office there was apparently a construction site. At this construction site, she told all of us, there were two workers who would continuously cat-call her as she got out of and into her car. Now this had a higher probability of being true. Women get cat-called all the time and women with illustrious breasts and buns like El had, as she would constantly reminding us, get cat-called whenever men with no morals would notice them. We empathized with her, told her how terrible it was, and quickly moved on with our lives. This wasn't good enough for El, the girl needed constant attention and her panic attacks weren't cutting it anymore (or was it anxiety attacks?).

A couple days later El came back to just me with the evolved version of her story. She only came to me because at the end of the semester I was the only one who bothered paying any attention to her, yeah, my mistake. Now the Mexican workers are stalking her to her

car. I empathized and told that since she felt unsafe she should tell the police or her chiropractor, maybe even get one of the campus officers to go with her next time, or even just to call them and ask the police what she should do. Stalking is serious business after all. Nah, she ignored my advice. After all, if you take someone's advice and it solves your problem, what will you have to make people pay attention to you?

A week passed and El hadn't been around all that much because of her busy work schedule and wherever she went when she should have been at her classes because school was just too much for her and her "mental illnesses". She came to me, running from her room across the way, and burst into my dorm with my roommate sitting in her own bed. El ignored her.

"Do you remember my Mexican stalkers?"

"Yes, El, I remember..."

"Well they just friended me on Facebook!"

El probably had more to say but I must've zoned out her bullshit. As a bullshiter myself I know what it takes to make a good lie and a crappy one and this? There was literally no possible way any of this could have worked out to be real. It was the final straw, now that I'm looking back at it.

I told El that it was literally impossible for anyone to find any personal information that would lead them to her Facebook account under which she didn't even use her

first or last name. She insisted that her story was true. I insisted that she show me the Facebook requests and she immediately left the room after she told me that she had deleted them. My disbelief in her lies must have been obvious enough that she never brought up her Mexican stalkers again. My roommate turned around to look at me and we stared at each other because we knew that this was the most ridiculous and elaborate story we had ever come across. And it was the last EI story we would come across, too.

At the end of the year nobody talked to EI and she didn't even talk to me. It was nice to have her on mute and basically out of our lives. Her room was still filthy, coated in garbage and mold that made her new roommate sick on a monthly basis, but she didn't bother us with lies or attention grabbing. Not surprisingly, all of her drama led to her losing her scholarship so she wasn't going to be able to come back to Coastal on all the failed classes she never bothered showing up to. At the end of the year she ran back to her father who, unsurprisingly, wasn't abusing her at all. Just another story.

My girls and I put EI behind us as quickly as we possibly could, doing so before the semester even ended. EI just wasn't ready for the real world, I doubt she still is but I hear she's going to Horry Georgetown on a culinary degree. I'm glad we've lost all contact with EI but honestly? I wish I could be there to see her face when she realizes that getting a culinary degree means that she is going to do the dishes.

**I WISH I COULD BE THERE TO SEE
HER FACE WHEN SHE REALIZES
THAT GETTING A CULINARY DEGREE
MEANS THAT SHE IS GOING TO
DO THE DISHES.**



VETERANS

≡ OF COASTAL ≡

INTERVIEW BY ZACH THOMAS

Kenda Gallo

Health Sciences, Undergraduate Student

"We get a bad rap for people thinking that we think, as enlisted or military members, that we are entitled to things. For the most part, that's not true at all. Nine times out of ten, military members are so humble. We don't do this for the recognition. It's more for service and love for our country."



Joseph Minton

*Master of Arts in Writing,
Graduate Studies*

"I think civilians misunderstand the intense separation and isolation one can feel, especially for a family member. A lot of times, the family member can be in a society or situation where they're surrounded by civilian people who are seemingly in the same boat. But in reality, sometimes there's no support group that really understands what it's like to be married to a service person."



Paul Olsen

*Distinguished Professor
in the Visual Arts*

"I think the exceptional part of what the military teaches you is team building and reliance on team members. That's the most important lesson I learned from my military experience and probably what I miss most. We're very self-reliant today and it's good to be that way, but I think it's also important that as humans we interact with one another as much as possible and realize that we can accomplish more working together than on our own."



HAVING AN UNWAVERING ZERO TOLERANCE FOR DRUGS

WRITTEN BY KRYSTEN ELLIOTT

When you were in high school, adults would lecture you about the peer pressure surrounding drugs to make sure you knew what was right and what was wrong, and to “Just say no!” They were there to teach you and help lead you, but now you’re your own leader. You’re in college and you have your own say about the things you say “no” to – and the things you say ‘yes’ to. For some college students, they unhesitantly dive right into doing drugs. But on the other end of the spectrum, there are some college students who don’t even think about doing drugs. If you’re one of these students who has a zero tolerance for drugs, you might feel this way for a number of reasons: maybe you had a loved one who overdosed and you saw the harmful side effects, maybe you’re zeroed in on academia and don’t want to worry with the potential addiction or temptation of drugs, or perhaps you just don’t want to put any kind of mind-altering drug into your system. Whatever the reason, chances are you’ve gotten hell at some point for being “lame” or “too uptight” because you aren’t slugging down alcohol or smoking weed with your buddies.

A major problem that is silently lurking on numerous college campuses is that college students aren’t comfortable or confident enough to say no to their friends when they’re faced with the option to do drugs. Students are scared of what other people might say if they don’t go along with the crowd and do the same things. Completely

pushing their own reservations to the side, these students give in and say yes just so they will be accepted among their friends. But the one thing that makes this so sad is that the students think these people are actually their friends. News flash: if the people you associate yourself with don’t respect your personal choices, they are not your friends. These “friends” just want another body to add to their friend group so they can relish doing drugs with someone else. You don’t have to get wasted or get high to have a good time with people – you can have a good time by just being yourself. If you’re in this situation and find yourself constantly compensating your ideals for the sake of your friends’ approval, get those people out of your life ASAP. College might be the party days for some people, but it doesn’t have to be that way for you.

Another sensible reason that you might not do drugs in college is because college is so completely time-consuming. The amount of schoolwork alone is intimidating and when you add a part-time job, club activities, and a social life on top of that, your time is essentially used up. Where is the time to do so many drugs and keep your life in tact at the same time? Depending on the drug, it alters your brain in a number of ways. And taking a mind-altering substance while trying to get schoolwork done isn’t a good decision, nor will it benefit your grades. Some college students get sucked

“Doing what makes you happy, regardless of what the people around you are doing, that’s important. Your college years are exciting for so many great reasons – don’t let the peer pressure to do drugs hold your young, thriving spirit back.”

into the routine of doing drugs and get to the point where they do more drugs than they do schoolwork. But isn’t going to class and learning things for the betterment of ourselves why we’re all here in the first place? A solid education is far more important than a reputation among party people. Sometimes students need to be reminded that they’re paying for those four short years at college, so it’s wise to get their money’s worth and get as much of an education as they possibly can.

What all of this boils down to is having respect for yourself and doing what’s best for you. Having a good, supportive friend group is important because everyone needs a support system that can help them stay on the right track. Having good grades is important because after college is all said and done, you will need a good paying job so you aren’t living on the streets. Doing what makes you happy, regardless of what the people around you are doing, that’s important. Your college years are exciting for so many great reasons – don’t let the peer pressure to do drugs hold your young, thriving spirit back.



SO WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?

The two Charleston officers led Kyle and I through the back of La Hacienda, past the dark narrow hallway between the bathrooms, and pushed on the heavy back door, leading us to the parking lot. They led us to their slate grey Ford Crown Victoria, a.k.a. undercover police car, and began questioning both of us. One of the officers, whose name I can't remember now, turned to me as he opened up the driver's side door

"So before I take you down to the courthouse, what's your real name," he asked, holding my fake ID up to his eye level and peering at me from the side, "Miss Anna Baylor?"

It's safe to say that a good majority of college students have fake IDs. It might not even be a stretch to say that you have – or had – a fake ID. This is what usually happens: you get to college where there's a heavy influence on partying, and all of sudden, you come to the conclusion that you need this thing to be cool. You need it so you can get into Tongy's on Thursday nights, or so you can come to parties with your own alcohol and not have to mooch off someone, or because you just think you'd enjoy the simple freedom of drinkin' some beer while you do your homework. I get it. I've been there. But there's this stale

misconception among a lot of college students that it's no big deal if you try to use your fake at a bar and get denied, because "All they're gonna do is give it back." This might be true for some situations, but for others, what happens when you actually get in trouble for your fake ID? What happens when the police come? Can they take you to jail? Will it stay on your permanent record? I know, because I've been in that position before. I had a fake ID and I got charged.

The officers didn't really take my friend or myself down to the courthouse to then be sent to jail. In most states (including South Carolina) it's only a misdemeanor to possess a fake ID, but in some it's considered a felony. Luckily for Kyle and I, the officers who caught us during that Spring Break weren't entirely out to get us – but they definitely scared us. Before I transferred colleges that past fall, Kyle and I had been the best of friends ever since we met in German class during our freshman year. But now, it was sophomore year and we both had fake IDs, we both wanted to have a chill night, and we both wanted Mexican food. So, La Hacienda it was. Parker and I had finished our meal that night, paid the bill, and sat the checkbooks on the edge of the table for our server to



pick back up. I finished sipping my strawberry daiquiri and he finished his mug of beer as we talked back and forth to each other, catching up on our new lives. While we had no problem coming up with topics of conversation, neither one of us knew what to say when two tall men dressed in dark clothing approached our booth and flipped open their wallets at us, exposing their gold police badges.

"Good evening, may we see your IDs?"

"Um, yeah, definitely, hang on..." My voice trailed off as I turned to my crossbody bag beside me in the seat.

I only had my fake with me. I fumbled with the inside zipper of my bag, pulled out the ID, and put on a brave face as I turned back to hand it to the officer.

Long story short, one of the officers asked Parker what my name was and he said "Mary." I really didn't have a chance after that.

While we were in the back parking lot with the police officers, they took Parker's information and mine and typed it into their laptops. They wanted our real names, our addresses, to know if we had ever gotten in trouble with the law, etc. After my officers got the information he needed, he handed me two blue slips of thin paper: one being a ticket for possession of fake identification, and the other a ticket for minor in possession. Since I had no previous criminal record, he told me there was a program I could take called the Alcohol Education Program (AEP) that would take a little over one month to complete, but it would clear the tickets from my permanent record and

allow me to keep my college scholarships. Of course the punishment could have been worse, but when you spend 20 hours shelving books in a public library, you spend at least 10 of those hours wishing you were outside enjoying the sunshine or at least getting paid. As you fork out almost \$600 to the state, you develop a small hatred towards the fact that money has an immense power over our society. After you sit through a 4 hour lecture on defensive driving, surrounded by women in pajama pants and men with disheveled beards, you're ready to call your parents as soon as you get out and thank them for all they've done and still do for you. And when you're done with those 8 sessions of counseling, you're enormously grateful that you're not an alcoholic who actually has a reason to go.

So if you're underage and are thinking about investing in a fake ID, hopefully you'll take my advice and think that decision over again. If you already have a fake ID and still continue to use it, I understand what's motivating you to do that, but stop and ask yourself if it's worth it. Having a fake ID is illegal, and you never know when someone might come up to you, flash their golden badge at you, look you straight in the eyes, and ask, "May I see your ID?"

Sincerely,

Probably the senior sitting next to you in class

GROUP CHATS

When you participate in group chats, you participate in keeping yourself in the lives of the people you care about most in this world.

Written by
Anne Kelly

I've moved five hours away from my closest friends. Moving to college has its ups, but not knowing a single soul in this state was a downside. For a while I was worried that I was going to be the odd one out of my squad because they were all going to colleges close to one another. Eventually, my fear told me I was going to drift apart from them, no longer part of the inside jokes or the fun nights out or the drama that ensues.

It felt like I was losing a part of myself. But somewhere along the way after moving from my friends they created and added me to a group chat and it's that very chat that keeps all four of us in everyone's day to day lives.

Group chats are a blessing. They're a virtual place where friends gather and talk to one another. It's like any other text message except multiple people are in on it. My girls and I still talk to each other every day even if we don't actually hear one another's voices. It's a sign that our group is still flourishing and existing even though none of us see each other often. We all find part of our day to participate in the group and it's kept us just as close as we are when we're together at home.

Our conversations are usually simple, almost pointless, but it speaks volumes when we're miles away. The last time we talked I told them I just saw a middle school replica of one of our friends and days later she's still demanding picture evidence. We text the group chat like we're talking to each other in person and we can feel the love and concern from one another, reminding each of us that we're all still here even though we're apart.

Group chats on my phone aren't the only chats I'm a part of. There are at least ten on Facebook, all of which include the same people. But because we apparently don't know how to maintain one collective group chat at the same time, there are ten chats, each with a different title. The people in these groups are my college friends, and they're minutes or seconds away.

The way we use our group chats, people would think that we never see each other, let alone live together. We don't send meaningless chit-chats like I do with my friends back home, instead we send one another links to articles and pictures that we think are funny or relate to someone else in the group.



Giving in to Gluten

Written By Cait Przetak

The walls were white, lined with diplomas in golden frames, yet still bare. I sat in the uncomfortable black chair next to my mother, looking out the window into the concrete jungle that is New York City. We'd been waiting for an hour for the specialist to come back into the room with some sort of results or game plan. I fiddled with my anxiety-ridden hands as she bit her nails. Finally we heard two knocks coming from behind us. The doctor creaked opened the door as he apologized for his delay. He set down two folders, a book, and over twenty-one pill bottles. He took a deep breath before sitting in what seemingly could be described as a leather throne. I knew in that moment, that my lifestyle was about to drastically alter.

Being sick for the entirety of my life has complicated copious amounts of things. Whether it was physically missing out on over half of my life from being in pain – unable to get up, or my daily routines. I was eleven years old, already taking twenty-four pills a day when I stepped foot into the pain and management nutritionist's office. After leaving his office, I was set to take over forty, and to begin what he liked to call "The Migraine Diet." He coined this diet. It wasn't until two years later that I realized it was the exact same premise as being gluten free, but with an additive of no caffeine.

At the time, it was miserable. You don't realize how many foods have the protein gluten in them until you're no longer allowed to have it. Even though it was only 9 years ago, things were completely different. Annie's was the only edible gluten-free option available in supermarkets. Those little bunny crackers and the mac and cheese were my saviors. Recently, a handful of these were transformed by the grace of God into gluten free options. But that was not the case for me.

After three months of the special twenty-one vitamins and extreme diet alteration, I still had my body aches and migraines everyday. The only difference in my body that my mother and I noticed was my irritability went up. However, I was finally able to tell my past and what would be future doctors that although my body may mimic Celiac disease, that it is just an unfortunate coincidence.

But many people are not as fortunate as I was to have only sensitivity and to be gluten free only for a short period of time and then resume my normal diet of crunchy Cheetos and Sierra Mist. According to beyondceliac.org, an estimated 1 in 133 Americans has celiac disease – only 17% is diagnosed.

To provide an idea of what you can't eat, here's a list of things you must avoid:

- | | |
|---|--|
| • Rye | • Cookies |
| • Barely (Malt) | • Gravies |
| • Tricale | • Seasoned rice mixes |
| • Wheat (also known as Durum Flour, Farina, Graham Flour, Kamut, Semolina, and Spelt) | • Season snack foods |
| • Beer | • Processed meats |
| • Cakes | • Imitation meat or seafood |
| • Candies | • Cereals |
| • Pies | • Croutons |
| • Breads | • French fries |
| • Matzo | • Soups |
| • Pastas | • Vegetables in sauce |
| • Salad dressing | • Modified food additives (malt flavoring and food starch) |
| • Soy sauce | • Vitamins that are bound by gluten |
| • Communion wafers | |



pulled her down with every step. "Can I buy you a drink?" she giggled sarcastically. "This isn't a bar?... Do you know where Brad is?" "Brad? Hi Brad, I'm..." I forgot her name but I think she did to that night. I shook her off of me, as her lips continued moving. She lost her support beam so she stayed stuck, stranded on the piece of asphalt I left her on continuing to talk the whole time I walked down the road.

My forehead fought my eye lids to keep them open. All I wanted was sleep. The grass behind the house looked promising and I had lost all hope in Brad. But right when I went to lie down and questioned the chaos that is Brad, he made his grand appearance. Three bulky men threw him back as his head smacked the asphalt. They pounced on him like hyenas on a gazelle and began swatting at his face. I stumbled towards the chaos, yelling. Or what I thought was yelling. The men ran away looting everything they could find on Brad. One guy began to take his shoes until Brad donkey kicked him right in the face, laughing immediately at contact. The man retaliated with a swift kick to Brad's cheek that threw blood on the ground beside him.

"Hey!" I turned around. It was definitely a slow motion kind of turn. I imagine it had appropriate background music to set the mood. My eyes looked at his precious, sober face with a tear almost sliding down my cheek. It was my roommate. I squeezed him. Hard and drunk, like the last bit of toothpaste. "How did you know where I was?" I mumbled. "You texted me man."

My eyes became wide as I couldn't help but feel proud of myself. His eyes caught Brad lying there bleeding. Brad had a smile on his face.

We helped him up and Brad limped away resisting our help. I grabbed the shoes that were now off his feet and we took off to our apartment. "I could have took 'em if they fought me one on one."

When we parked his peeled bumper in those over parked white lines, I saw stained wood, like neopolitan posts, painted by the air. The light was dim due to the foggy lamp cover and beneath it the dirt peaked out from the dying grass. As I reached the post I saw a sticker with no face. It was like a gold plaque that lost its shine, like spotted clouds that were once whole. It was like the white barn in my old backyard that couldn't help but to be stained by the forest floor, even when completely still. We walked up the webidden staircase and into the squeaky apartment.

I drifted to my room and fell on my bed. As I laid there, I noticed how dark and quiet it was. I thought about Brad and his silent room. I thought about him bleeding all over his sheets. I thought about what he had said to those guys and what he was going to tell his parents when they found out he lost all of his credit cards. I thought about how little time Brad had to completely ruin his night. I thought about how he probably didn't think it was ruined. I thought about Brad. A person that knew Brad had a hard time avoiding him, in your thoughts and in contact. He was the life of the party, he was the crease in a smile, he was the chaos that is Brad.

THE COLDEST WINTER

Written by Amberlynn Fowler

"It hurts to watch someone hurting," I remember thinking to myself.

I come from the small town of Sumter, South Carolina, and to help you understand how small this town truly is nothing ever truly exciting ever happened, especially in my life. My life was simple; I studied, went to school, got along with family and friends, and breathed easy through each day. My sophomore year in high school, I dated a guy in the junior class – long story short our families got along together but we didn't work out. Soon I would learn his older brother was my saving grace in high school. I had been put through bullying and sorry a** 'friends.' His older brother helped me a lot and I then became so fond of him we began dating my junior year of high school. At this point in my life, we had known each other for at least what was now going on three years. In the beginning of my junior year, he was entering his senior year at the Citadel. Yeah, a major difference I know, please do not judge. I am an old soul who could not help the way fate's dice had rolled. So while I attended the high school he was 2 hours away from me only able to come home to

visit on available weekends. Rarely could he come home so he and I used Skype religiously. Things worked out great in the beginning. We dated for a year in a half. I had been with him when he bought his first truck and helped him pick out and move into his first apartment. May of 2015 he graduated in the twenty percent of his senior class and I couldn't have been more proud of him. While that summer was one of the best summers I ever had, it was the hardest winter I would ever experience. When he picked out his first apartment it had to be where his first job was which was, of course, four hours away; things grew harder. We simply weren't happy and no matter what he told me, I knew he wasn't happy. So in the spring semester of my junior year we reluctantly decided it would be better if we both went our separate ways.

The ultimate challenge when it came to being in a long distance relationship was knowing someone will constantly be hurt – mentally or physically; all derived from the impediment of not being able to see one the person they care about most in their lives.



WHAT'S YOUR TYPE?

Written by Cait Przetak

I'm not going to sit here and tell you that I don't judge a book by its cover. To be honest, a cover is what draws your attention to a piece of literature, or maybe the title that's on the cover does. Regardless, it's the first thing you see. You're not going to take a novel and dive into the middle of the story. So when people say they don't have a type, they are flat out lying to you. You should possibly rethink your friendship with them, because you never want to have friends as liars. Then again, they could be looking at the question in a different way.

There's two different ways that this question can be construed as. It can lean in the way of who do you end up with, which is why your friend may say they don't have a type; or, it could be in the sense of who you are instantly attracted to. More often than not, it's who you are instantly attracted to. So in that case, everyone has a preference. I don't care how easy-going and righteous you may be, that is just how this world works. Yes, it is shallow to pick and pull physical attributes that you find enticing, but somethings you can't help but accept. You can't stop your blood from boiling, your face from flushing, your cheeks heating, and your mouth from biting your bottom lip when you see something that intrigues you from across the bar or even dining hall. You can't just put a pause on your rapid breaths that follow your lack of breathing as they pass by

you, catching them looking back as they continue to walk in the opposite direction. You may never have said a word to this person since you were made aware of their existence, but that doesn't mean you aren't attracted to them.

So, what's my type? My type is someone that's taller than me by a few inches at least, a year or two older, muscular – with big arms, short haired, that has some five o'clock shadow, lips that aren't a straight line and eyes that don't appear hollow. Now, if you ask me how many times I've ended up with men that resemble my type, it's very slim, to put to a count: two. Although this may be my 'search option' when I'm out, I don't always go for these men, often I chicken out. Who I end up with, however, is not categorized as a type in my eyes, but as my reality. So yes, you have a type, but you don't have to let it interrupt your reality.

A TALE OF TRUST

Written by Parag Desai

Ever heard of the old fairytale of the hungry, antagonistic wolf and the three little pigs? You know, “I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down!”? Yeah, trust is a lot like that. The three little pigs had a good measure of trust in themselves. The pigs that want fortune in their surroundings either hastily draw the conclusion that their faith can’t be shaken, by buying into the schemes or ideologies, or if you’re “smart” enough, gather the necessary resource through time and hardship. But who the fuck has time for that? What if the big, bad wolf got tired of waiting for the third pig to open the door and got a crane with a wrecking ball attached to it?

See, there’s always going to be that bigger, even worse wolf that’ll try to take advantage of you. People, either consciously or subconsciously, see weaker structures and capitalize off of it. That’s how business works. You think the merchant that sold those first two pigs scrap for a house cared that they got eaten up? No. They were stupid and wildly uneducated. And unfortunately, those without resource do in fact get gobbled up—by the system, by your own people, or even by the expectations and the conditions of trust itself. Maybe the old sow that sent her children to figure life out for themselves didn’t receive the education that was quintessential for their own survival,

but they trusted what mama always taught them, right? So, who’s to blame? You can’t build a home with straw and sticks and expect everything to be dandy, nor can you build a trustworthy relationship if you’re criticizing everything around you—including, most importantly, yourself.

Beyond emotion and everyday circumstance though, trust is an institutional structure that requires years of experience, and rigorous training in order to graduate and find comfort in this literacy narrative that we call life. Trust is movement. Trust is currency. You trust that your neighbor doesn’t look at your mail. You trust your peers don’t lie to you, and the exchange is mutual. This social capital that we’ve all agreed to monetize off of is incorrigible. Unless you’re a psychopath or read way too much conspiracy theories growing up, trust is here to stay. It’s a monument that patronizingly laughs at the size of the Eiffel Tower, it’s gravitational pull is that of our moon. It’s remarkable. Trust is the basis of every day activity.

So, why do we try to dissociate ourselves with something of that magnitude? Why are people so caught up in never trusting or cooperating with an ex-boyfriend or ex-girlfriend again? Is it pride that says we shouldn’t allow ourselves to trust, or is it insecurity that says that we

don't deserve to trust? As if, something as omnipotent as trust would allow for people to live without it. Yo, even the sociopath trusts himself to not get caught doing something villainous. The comfort that is the haze of trust is what compartmentalizes those that don't know what to do with it, and those that do.

Is it safe to throw hope in the direction of anyone who might find you a tad bit interesting? Some people aren't about it. Some people are. Usually it's the person able to find a happy medium that succeeds. It's important to note, that the experiences that didn't go as we planned shouldn't be objectified as a negative experience permanently. Don't grow cold vacationing in escapism. Mental scars are only there if you brush your thoughts past it every day, and if you do then you might have a problem. But I don't fault you, soldier! It's okay to have problems believe it or not! It's okay to have a story, but its ever better to have a story for everyone to read.

That trust is embedded and weaved with inner-confidence to make you a better person. It's pivotal to trust others, so then you can rebound and trust your newly updated intuition so that your home isn't made of straw, or sticks, or bricks, but titanium. If you're Forrest Gump-in' it with

no sense of direction, then your idea of trust, your idea of self, has been diluted.

Trust me.

Sidenote: Isn't it weird that we rooted for Forrest Gump throughout the entire movie, cried alongside him as he stood by Jenny's grave, even though he wasn't completely there? Does it reinforce the fantasy that we wish we could all be as ignorant as him? Shit, I know I do.

WHERE I'M FROM, NOT WHERE I'M GOING

Written by Parag Dasai

I WON'T EVEN TRY TO BE DEMOCRATIC HERE.

Growing up in an Indian household sucked. It wasn't the food or the odd superstitions I had to recognize myself with. I love the food. It's all the systemic, shallow maneuvering and destroying of your identity as a person with culture that doesn't progress the culture as a whole that complicated my ethics. Note: my circumstances growing up in a low-income household had a huge effect on my critique of the Indian/Indian-American culture.

I was born in a small suburb outside of Atlantic City, New Jersey called Galloway Township. The Indian community in Galloway is where I learned of my identity, where I adapted to switching between the discourse of an Indian and an American. It wasn't until I moved to Conway, South Carolina where my identity was put to the test.

UNREALISTIC EXPECTATIONS

Watching Bollywood films as a kid instilled an unrealistic expectation of love. In these films, unwavering passion and romance trumped all other obstacles. In reality, the system of marriage in India is far more convoluted than that one mystical, fateful encounter with the partner of your dreams. These heteronormative ideals are financed by the patriarchy and its creation of the dowry system, a ceremonial practice that requires the bridegroom to exchange large sums of money or gifts in exchange for the bride's hand in marriage. Many cultures, like in India, use women as a tool to amass influence or move up the social class' ladder. It's upsetting that my mother and generations of women before her were subjugated in this scheme where their prime objective is to maximize benefits for the father or husband. And then you have someone like me who can't even process the idea of marriage yet!

Being a product of the patriarchy doesn't sit too well, either. On top of oppressive regimes operating under the falsehood of tradition, the system of Indian patriarchy involves an indoctrinating process that not only tells young men how to live a dismissive, domineering lifestyle, but prompts women to take the backseat.

Pop was never there to offer any solid advice. I didn't get the birds and the bees talk until I was already having sex, and even then I stopped him mid-intro because redundancies are an eyesore. For as long I can remember I had to grow up with a father who only made his presence known briefly, weaving in and out of my life's timeline with unwarranted criticisms rather than being there steadily from a pedagogical standpoint. His mannerisms were always condescending and patronizing. For example, there were jabs like "Being a writer doesn't make a lot of money.

You should be a pharmacist," "How are you going to find a wife without money?," and "You should exercise more, you have to be a strong man with muscles," while he drank and drank until his hedonistic pleasures led him into drunken hibernation. Behavior like this helped me confide in my mother, who is surprisingly much more liberal than my father. Mother was always the caretaker, the healer, the provider, the friend. But defeatist mentality urged my mother to never truly be confident in herself. She was the youngest of four and sickly throughout her adolescence.

By thirty years of age, the chances for you to find an ideal marriage partner takes a nosedive. Being engaged at 25 and legally married at 26, my mother's marital ability could be put into question. She was the last one to get married out of all her friends and the only one to journey to America. From the moment my mother touched American soil she was put on payroll, responsible for taking care of two children, responsible for housework, and keeping track of her husband's shenanigans.

"I expected my husband to take care of me. I let go of all the drinking and gambling because at least the bills were getting paid. If I had the education, things would be different."

Hopefully one day I can teach my children the importance for parental figures to create a space where free thought and creativity are not acts of transgression against parenthood, fatherhood, or manhood, but an opportunity for bonding. Even so, the only advantage that I have in the situation is that we're broke, so my father's recommendations didn't hold too much clout. I don't feel pressured or guilty, like many Asian kids do, to pursue a career just for their sake.

THE PANOPTICON

In Indian-American culture there's this game we have to play in order to keep our reputation up. In person we have to be stone cold. In private, we gossip. Which is pretty normal, right? The problem is that this behavior keeps everyone obedient, limiting self-expression. No one can say what they really want and when the tops finally do fly off it's always viewed as reckless, immature, or treated as a contravention to the community. If a code has been violated, then you can sure as hell expect people to shun you. In a macro sense, this happens everywhere. You see bits of the game being played everywhere you go. You have to articulate yourself in a way which fits the literacy of the society. It's interesting when confronted with blatant superficiality. The fantasy with which we consider our lives to be in line with our ethics skews what is actually going on. It's like watching animals interact with each other in a zoo, except you're also an agent within this environment, forced to act against your own interest. How do you tell your chattering aunts to fuck off without being rude? See the dilemma?

The ambiguous yet obnoxious territory of the social landscape has always been quite difficult for me to

trek through. We (people as a whole) spend way too much time focusing on others and their affairs that we dismiss the importance of developing a sound palate of personality, individualism, and experience for ourselves. But more importantly, the fantasy of reporting your peers' problems, instead of your own, to the world juxtaposes with the ideal that has always preached to me in an Asian household: that if you just stay in your lane and do what you're told and keep your head down, then you will succeed in America. It's that level of complacency and pseudo-respect for hierarchy, whether it be a White or Asian power system, that creates prejudices and superficial elements within our own community.

RACISM AND WHITEWASHING

9/11 shook the world and opened my eyes and ears to racism. There was a period of time in my life where terms like "raghead" and "terrorist" were thrown my direction just because I had skin color similar to that of someone who was Middle-Eastern. Whenever a situation does arrive where foreign or domestic powers do assault the public, you recognize dark clouds of prejudices forming on top of your peers and vice versa. It's an uncomfortable

“There was a period of time in my life where terms like RAGHEAD and TERRORIST were thrown my direction just because I had skin color similar to that of someone who was Middle-Eastern.”

atmosphere to be a part of, especially when you live in South where racist rhetoric is spouted off incessantly. As my knowledge of European colonialism grew, it further pushed the idea that I was merely a guest in the house of the white man, where all of my desires could be made possible if I worked twice as hard and only gain half the recognition for it.

Western education has always turned towards a curriculum of standardization. Back then, when India was being sucked dry of resources by Britain while growing unhinged with protest, the notion of humanistic education reinforced English bureaucracy as the hierarchy, requiring Indians to consume strictly white only literature as a means to become “better people.” How much of that literacy have we turned against the oppressor? How much of our identity is being warped into westernization?

Beyond Ashton Kutcher poorly impersonating an Indian man on television or Selena Gomez appropriating bindis on Instagram, the archetype of the nerdy, effeminate Asian-male role, that often counters white male roles, seem to exaggerate the notion that Asian/South-Asian men have no sexual clout. They therefore lack presence in film and television entirely. This ideology stems from

racial tension in the 60's where Asians were used as a model minority in order to subdue African-Americans into believing that they could “rise above” discrimination by working hard enough. Propagating characteristics unrelated to our being and further othering minorities into a hierarchy dependent on worth ethic and obedience only showcase the many systems of white supremacy.

However, we do see actors like Aziz Ansari and Mindy Kaling with lead roles in their own shows. They don't use their race as a gag, but as a topic of discussion that suggests that both desexualizing and oversexualizing are figments of rhetoric and that they have nothing to do with our identity. Asian males do have sex and can be sexy. At the same time, Asian women shouldn't be subjugated with fetishizing or exoticism.

THE POINT IS,

that the act of preserving culture has been diluted with a need to outsource cultural identity to foreign entities or systems that don't mean to spread cultural awareness, but to exploit it. I think a reevaluation of our priorities is needed.

Behind the Knocks

Written by Forrest Dow



It was a Sunday afternoon, while watching the Patriots game; I hear a double knock, at my front door. I stand up, take one last quick glance at the score and then proceed to walk towards my front door, ready to face the human that has decided to interrupt my time with my beloved football team. Opening the door, I see two tall tenacious men, each holding a thick, hard covered book. Before the common word of hello rolled off my tongue, the two tall men ask, "Can we take a moment of your time?" Slightly confused, I gave the men the great and powerful answer of "sure". I closed the only thing between me and my Patriots game, the door, and took one little step towards the two men to hear what they had to say. The man closest to me asked so calmly and curiously, "We would like to discuss the bible and the horrible events that happen in our world today." A slight feeling of uncomfot seeped into my chest like a loose rusty faucet, dripping one drop at a time. I then realized exactly who these men were. A similar situation happened my father. That day, I was out in the yard with my father helping him with yard work. At this time, I was in grammar school and could barely lift a medium sized branch, that being said, I was not much help. As I struggled helping my father, two men came up to our house and began talking with my father. I did not know exactly what they were discussing,

but I knew these men were different. The conversation ended quickly and my father began to work again, with no mention about who those two strange men were.

When I was caught off on this football Sunday by a couple of tall religious men, I learned a little something about being a Jehovah Witness. For starters, I am by no means religious. Back home in the lovely state of Massachusetts, I was raised Catholic. Yes, I celebrate Christmas, Easter, and all that jazz, but you won't run into me at 10 a.m. Mass on Sunday morning. Just had to address that elephant is cleared from the room. Though I am not religious, I am always a little curious. What these two men talked about with me is the religion that Jehovah witnesses practice. The God that Witnesses worship is in fact Jehovah...easy to remember right? I am sure many people out there know who Jesus Christ is, and so do Jehovah Witnesses! Witnesses are Christian, and believe that Jesus is the savior and the son of God. However, Witnesses do not believe that Jesus is the almighty God. So what about the many things people celebrate? This is where many people differ from the Witnesses practice.

My mother came outside to where both the men and myself were standing. My mother with quick words, "Hi

“No Christmas, Easter, or even birthdays were celebrated by this boy’s family. Instead of having Christmas spirit and celebrating another year on earth, Witnesses strive for peace and happiness every day.”

Mr. Thompson, we’re running late for an appointment, we have to go.” As I looked up at my mother wondering what kind of appointment do we have to go to on a Sunday, the two men told us to have a nice day. They then proceeded to walk calmly to our neighbor’s house. My interaction with real life Jehovah Witnesses was then over. One of the men, Mr. Thompson, was the father of a boy in my little brother’s third grade class. I remembered hearing stories that my little brother had told me about. I do not know a great deal of what Jehovah Witnesses believe or practice, but there are few stand outs when it comes to what is celebrated. No Christmas, Easter, or even birthdays were celebrated by this boy’s family. Instead of having Christmas spirit and celebrating another year on earth, Witnesses strive for peace and happiness every day. There is no day in the Witnesses belief that marks a day of celebration. National holidays are included in the list of no no’s created by Jehovah Witnesses. Not only do Jehovah witnesses not celebrate major holidays, but they also stay neutral in any kind of political affair that arises in the world. Jehovah witnesses seem to not be involved in anything that the majority of the population participates in.

I met this boy in my little brothers class a while after my encounter with his father. This boy’s name in Benjamin. I met Ben at the camp that my brother attend a few summers ago. This was a day for the campers and their families to meet, eat, and have a good time. Ben was shy and a little bit resistant in meeting others. He was only about twelve years old which can explain how shy he was, but there was something a little different about him. As I glanced around at the other families and campers, I noticed that

there was a lot of interaction between friends and family. Looking around at this big social event, my eyes stopped on Ben and his family. The family that was in attendance with Ben consisted of his mother...that was it. All around Ben were families meeting, playing, engaging, and just flat out having fun. This bothered me like an itch that I just couldn’t seem to scratch. Ben and his mother only spoke to one another off to the side of this little carnival of families. I wasn’t sure what to make of the situation. My mother being to talker that she is, walked up to Bens mother and they got talking. Though the conversation was brief, I was happy to see them not completely separated from the group. I was never entirely sure if this instance of shyness and separation at the camp had anything to do with their religion, but it was definitely different from anything else that went on that day.

There are many different Gods, religions, beliefs, etc... The fact that there was no celebration among Jehovah Witnesses was the biggest shock to me. Missing out of celebrations of any sort just didn’t make sense to me. Whether it was because I was used to birthdays and holidays didn’t matter. The fact that people chose to miss out on quality time with family and friends was different from what I knew. Jehovah Witnesses are by no means bad people. The people of this religion were shy, but they were always kind to me. I believe that is the most important part of life today. No matter what God or religion you follow, it all boils down to kindness and happiness. Jehovah Witnesses showed these traits, and that’s all that matters.

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I don't have social anxiety. I don't become nervous in a crowd or feel a tightness in my chest when I have to talk to people. If I say something weird when I'm talking to someone, I brush it off and think nothing of it. I wear things that probably draw attention to me and I don't care what people think. This article isn't about me – I don't have social anxiety. This article is about two of my best friends both of whom struggle daily. I went to Alison and Sonny and asked them both if they could tell me what it's like to live with social anxiety and how they could define it.

The online definition of social anxiety that I found on socialanxietysupport.com is "Social anxiety is a chronic mental health condition in which social interactions cause irrational anxiety, fear, self-consciousness, and embarrassment." I wanted to know how actual people with this condition defined it and this is what they told me.

"It's.... annoying," Alison quickly says, ending the definition there. When I asked Sonny, he gave me a more in depth definition. "Social anxiety is being so afraid of what could happen that you never find out what would've happened."





Anxiety controls lives, preventing people from experiencing life and having mindless fun. It keeps them from social events, makes them wonder what they're missing out on, and gets them caught in a routine that they're too afraid to step out of. From hearing my friends' separate accounts, it occurs to me that social anxiety is a spectrum just like every other illness and it affects everyone in a different way. Between them, however, there are similarities, those of which all relate back to the fear of what other people will think of them or act because of them. Social anxiety keeps my friends from meeting new people, enjoying new experiences, and going out into the world and enjoying themselves without having to worry about missing out on a good time or what strangers will be thinking of them.

Her anxiety plagues her in the days and hours leading up to a social event. If she has to talk to someone over the phone or leave the house for a church event, going to the club with her friends, or having to be around groups of strangers, it'll be the only thing Alison is thinking about. The worry caused by thinking about having to socialize with people even keeps her up at night. She comes up with excuses about her health, or her school work, or her family, anything that will give her the chance to stay home instead of having to be social. This even happens when she makes plans to hang out with her group of friends.

Even after successfully talking herself out of leaving the house – anxiety still doesn't go away. Now she has to tell her friend that no, she can't hang out, and she fears that on some level they will secretly hate her and blame her for ruining their plans. If Alison can't talk herself out of being social the anxiety still doesn't end. Instead, she has to worry about what she's going to wear and how she's going to look; is she overdressed, underdressed? What will she need to bring on this outing, what if she forgets something; has she double-checked that she has everything she might need?

When finally out of the house and surrounded by people she doesn't know, especially if she is expected to talk to those people, Alison clings to her phone like the life preserver it is. Her phone gives her that extra leeway to feel comfortable enough to inch around in her own skin. She uses it as an emergency escape method when her anxiety flares up in public, going on social media or texting

one of her close friends who know how to calm her down and make her feel comfortable.

Most panic attacks occur when she is in public. She will be pressured to do something or to speak to people she doesn't know and she'll feel judged by others who don't like something about her. "I tend to want to run and hide in the bathroom," Alison would feel panic attack coming on, "but I feel like I have to stick my ground. I'm super quite and awkward so people don't usually register that I'm not even there and I have to tell myself that." As a precaution to stop this from happening, Alison tells me that she'll find someone she is comfortable with and follow them around the entire time, using them as an anchor to keep her grounded.

Similarly, Sonny's social anxiety keeps him from wanting to talk to or engage with people he doesn't know. He has a hard time talking to people and if he sees someone he might want to talk to he has to perfectly plan out multiple topics he can approach that person about. He thinks of every possible outcome to approaching this person that it takes him close to a month to plan.

If he has a question during his class, he won't raise his hand even though asking questions is very important to him. "I'm afraid people will think the question is stupid or they'll ridicule me for the way I speak." So instead of speaking up in class he keeps to himself, his anxiety getting the better of him once again.

He is constantly over-analyzing every situation he is faced with which causes him to create fears and issues that didn't previously exist. Focusing on his appearance indefinitely, making sure his clothes and his hair are as plain as possible so people won't notice him.

Whenever someone invites Sonny to check out a club at school, he wants to go and meet new people but always thinks that maybe his friends will be doing something while he is there. Even if he knows his friends aren't doing anything he still won't go. "I'm afraid I'll be the awkward, weird one standing in the corner," he confesses. "So I end up not going."

The anxiety prevents her from being with her friends, on inside jokes, and experiences that she will not be able to



"I'M AFRAID
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NER," HE
CONFESSES.

relate to when she gets back together with her friends. She fears that her friends will have fun without her and that because she can't relate to them she'll slowly drift out of the group and become obsolete.

Simply talking to someone he doesn't know will have his body tensing up, his mind goes blank – and he is riddled with nervousness. He doesn't know how to engage in conversation and he ends up fidgeting when people talk to him, leading him to spout mindless phrases like "Oh yeah..." or "Ha-ha right..." It leads to him disengaging conversations and drowning in awkwardness. "I'm trying to get better though," he assures me, "I'm talking to one new person each day! It's not a lot but it's all I have right now."

The people that Sonny does befriend are usually met when he is with his group of friends. He tends to link to his friends a lot because they are the only people who make him feel comfortable and set his anxiety aside. He doesn't feel bad talking to new people when he is with his friends because he feels like that person isn't focusing solely on him and if he starts acting weird he will have a backup conversation with his friends. He doesn't feel the same pressure of talking to the stranger with his friends as he feels when he is on his own, creating a safety net that allows him to expand his social reach.

Anxiety affects people in different ways and at different times in their life. Some people become overwhelmed in social situations that they stiffen up and don't speak or they feel so anxious and pressured that they have a panic attack. Social anxiety makes people too nervous to leave their rooms to have to talk to new people, fearful that they'll mess up or having people hate you. There's no chance for people with anxiety to mess up if they never leave their room or experience anything new, it's a safe zone, and it makes them miss out on life and experiences with their friends.

Written by Anne Kelly

FREE FALLING

"Sometimes it takes the sky to see what's on the ground."

- Ben Rector









THOUGHTS AT 8,000 FEET

Lord, I know I haven't been to Church in a little while. I know that I haven't been the easiest child for my parents recently, and that I often say I love feeling free — but please, don't take that literally and let my body free fall to the ground from an extremely rare parachute malfunction. I'm not going to promise that I'll be as active as I was in high school with religion, but I'll try to get back into a routine. Plus I left my straightener on in my room and locked the door, so I still need to get back home to turn that off.

THOUGHTS AT 6,000 FEET

F*ck

f*ck

f*ck

f*ck.

You're so stupid. You can't even stand on a countertop without wanting to cry, why would you agree to this. Just don't look down. I mean it's not like you can open your eyes with the goggles glued to your mascara anyways.

What if you hit a bird? Birds and heights...this is horrible.

It feels like 10 minutes have passed and we are still falling — this whole only breathing from your mouth thing ain't working.

Definitely should have texted my parents that I loved them.

WHEN IS THIS PARACHUTE BEING PULLED?









THOUGHTS AT 1,500 FEET

I wish this parachute was pulled the whole time, I can breathe and this is so beautiful.

Aside from this wedgie — I've never felt more serene and relaxed in my entire life.

I don't want to go back on the ground.

CREATIVE WRITING

This marks our fifth creative writing contest. The competition arose from necessity, as it quickly became impossible for us not to acknowledge the vast body of creativity around campus. We asked for short story and poetry submissions and were answered with full inboxes, brimming with talent. This is a collective thank you to all those who submitted work. Your stories were defamiliarizing, full of unharnessed potential and talent.

Lovesong

Alyssa Egal

The mocked epitaph of her virgin
Headstone, you said
was Buddhist

and held by the glaucous branches
of the copse,
Said “no” to the heavyheaded Moon

Swallowed her wanton moan
Swallowed her wanton moan
Swallowed her wanton moan

“No” to butterscotch coffee
And gas station confectionaries
costing .99 cents,
two for one

to sticky exhaust fumes
to dark, knobbly roads

away
away
away

From my thrice abandoned cot.

Origami Love

Justin Daniel Joy

In a stacked card house, a man and woman made of
paper speak with a voice not of words, but of paper.

Joyous giggles dance across the floor like a dozen river
otters, ferrying a dozen balled up jokes scribbled on
paper.

Loving conversations swirl through the air like a hundred
butterflies, transferred on a hundred folded and painted
airplanes of paper.

Raging screams scramble on the walls like a thousand
spiders, carrying a thousand scraps of torn and charred
paper.

Sorrowful shrieks tumble and fall, like millions of ghostly
doves bearing millions of wrinkled and tear soaked
shards of paper.

Brooding silence haunts the air and walls of a once
crisp card house, where once there was color, nothing
remains but blank and soiled paper.

Untitled

Allison Moss

There's something lurking, just there in the corner of the room
Can you see it?
It's immensely inky, looming over the space it inhabits.
There's a minatory quality about it;
A disconnect from reality, as if it were its own isolated dimension.
It sludges in a mass of mordant goop, expanding ever so slightly every once in awhile,
As if it were a cat extending a gentle paw in request of a pat.
It dominates your attention, not because it's strident but rather because it's abnormally silent.
As you ponder, it continues to creep from its place, closer, closer;
Closer, until it swarms your vision and there is nothing now but a perplexing scribble.
Lines tangle as you squirm under the weight of it.
An effulgent spark explodes through the baleful black.
But without sparing another precious moment, it's gone, reduced to a mere flicker.
Your heart pounds as you strive to grasp the dim light.
A faint buzzing erupts to your left, and you stretch your weak fingers toward the noise.
It's no louder than the hum of a bee on a lazy spring afternoon,
But in this environment it screams like the roar of a helicopter overhead.
You struggle to combat this invasion, but your body is feckless.
Your senses abandon you
You collapse under the silent mass.
It is over.

Our Pompeii

Savannah Scarborough

I'm caught up in what she's saying. I scarcely notice when one raindrop turns to a second, and then a third, colliding with my body like paint on a canvas. She had this way of making trivial subjects relevant. As her lolly-pink lips formed the words- you knew you needed to listen to survive. I'm walking beside her, our feet aching as our legs pretended to reach heights of supermodels. The rain is coming down harder- but I know that I'm holding hands with a shooting star. I just met her and I know the ray of light that she is will never dim.

The boys are in front of us, a cloud of smoke rising above them. We hoot and holler that it's going to kill them one day- but they're stunning. Death is far too disagreeable and slow to catch them. He steals a glance, the cigarette nestled between his pointer and middle finger.

A memory hit. In third grade, when Tom Younger offered me a candy cigarette on top of the monkey bars, I declined. He threatened to kiss me as my pigtails and I jumped off the bars and he chased after me shouting. Our laughter bouncing off the Blue Ridge Mountains and then back to the open valley where our playground was nestled.

I'm far from those loving mountains now, the girl with the pigtails an untrustworthy recollection of the way it was. The hums of the city all around us- crashing with the rush of the ocean a few blocks away. We're alone in this fresh place, together. Everyone walking by us a genius. I just know it by the way they walk.

I Began in a Funeral Home

Rachel Vanrensselaer

The aroma of embalming fluid constantly seeping
Under the cracks,
Accept the scent and move forward.
Always a sign of home, of family.

The sound of the hearse outside,
Such day to day normality
You can hear Selah,
Dad's favorite,
Singing in the bathroom.

Another death.
The church down the street
Will be filled once more.

Late night clicks of a typewriter
Dad always slaving away behind his never ending paper-
work
Click, click, click.
The fast pace rush of an obituary deadline.

Another blank face
Striving to be sympathetic once more
Exterior frowns,
Interior contentment and casualties
Learning to understand
How this lifestyle was chosen for us
Passed on and on

Generation from generation
Like an antique.

A scent that can never be covered.
Even on Christmas,
The never ending scent of
Embalming fluid
Will continue to seep under the cracks to the
dining room.

Kamikaze

Rebecca W. Ikeda

I fly a well-laid mission, but
I cannot hope to win.
The battleship is ironclad.
My plane is only tin.

My arsenal is understocked
To overwhelm such arms.
The superstructure's pitch and yaw
Will desecrate my charms.

Our rendezvous is nearing now.
There's nothing left to say.
I understood the flight plan when
I left the hangar bay.

Encounters like this don't come cheap.
He'll wreck me sure as sin,
But I'm a kamikaze and
My ship is coming in.

BOOK REVIEW.

Millennial Teeth

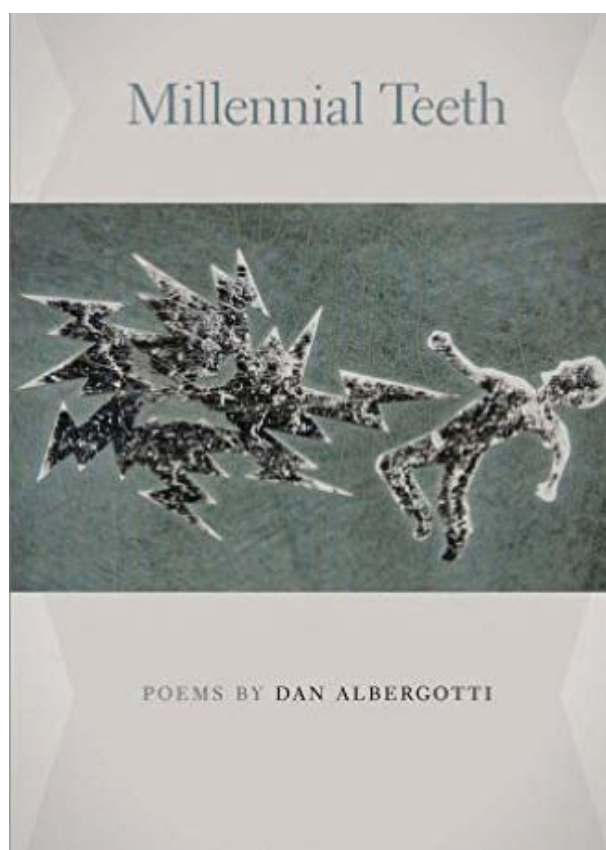
Dan Albergotti

Review by Zach Thomas

If you are reading this in the Edwards building, you will notice an unassuming bookcase directly beside the main entrance. Among this surprisingly packed selection is Dan Albergotti's "Millennial Teeth," clocking in at seventy pages, "Millennial Teeth" makes its way through sonnets, ghazals, pantoums, free verse, and the occasional Radiohead reference.

To unjustly skim the contents, a few common themes (if I may use that dirty word) and patterns become evident. There is the speaker's desire to escape the racism and coldness of the previous generation ("Holy Night"). "What I Wanted to Tell Her about Hell" vicariously channels a wish to an ex with humorous yet irritated post-breakup snark. "No Beginning" explores the afterlife and the loss of faith through a meta-aware pantoum. "Ars Poetica" forces the reader to confront the tough question: what do we do when faced with losing loved ones? Better yet, what do we do when faced with realizing how we "should" have felt or what we could have done? Through a series of tidily arranged tercets, "Disorder" tells of someone longing to be led by a series of potential guides: Virgil, Dante, Jesus Christ, even the author's younger self. All of this is done while mirroring Joy Division's eponymous track in numerous places.

This book establishes a confessional air that resists self-indulgence and excess. Despite the diversity of form, the writing has a powerful, often bleak, reflective mood injected with the author's reserved humor. It strikes a tactful balance with old poetic structure embellished by unexpected allusions, musical, cultural and otherwise. In the age of the defanged, anything-goes poet, it is refreshing to read defamiliarizing voices decided in purposefully joining traditional and contemporary elements. Dan Albergotti's "Millennial Teeth" does the job wonderfully.



MOVIE REVIEW.

“Star Trek Beyond”

Review by Anne Kelly

The movie that has been anticipated since the release of its predecessor three years previously, *Star Trek Beyond* hit the theaters this summer and went into warp speed in the box office earning 244.5 million USD. The third installment in the rebooted sci-fi series pulls at the heartstrings of Trekkies and movie goers everywhere. This is the first *Star Trek* film released without the beloved actor Leonard Nimoy who is infamous for his role as Mr. Spock. Leonard Nimoy isn't the only *Enterprise* crewmember who passed away before the movie's release, Anton Yelchin, the 27 year old actor who plays Chekov, died in a tragic accident one month before the release date. As one can expect there were more tears invoked from *Beyond* than what was originally anticipated. Released in the 50th year since the original TV series aired, *Star Trek Beyond* returns its roots showcasing the original crew in their classic roles exploring new space civilizations, and diving deeper into their characters' back stories. At the start of the movie the *Enterprise* treks through space during its five year mission when it bows to the jaws of defeat at Krall, played by Idris Elba, and his mass army of ships. The *Enterprise* and its crew are forced to crash land on the planet below, Altamid, most of crew captured by Krall's army. The main crewmembers are scattered to the winds and tasked on finding one another and a way to save their crew and get off the planet and back to the latest Federation peace grounds, a Starbase called Yorktown that harbors hundreds of species from across the Federation. *Star Trek Beyond* has a whimsically clever, action-packed script that allows for just enough pause for the perfect line delivery that will get you clutching your sides. The movie makes you tear up, laugh, sit at the edge of your seat, and gets you philosophizing about civilization and our deeply human flaws in a matter of two hours. In comparison to the first reboot of the series, *Beyond* has changed the name of the *Star Trek* game, focusing on the




Enterprise crewmembers as a whole instead of Captain Kirk. *Star Trek Beyond* is a movie you'll have to experience for yourself. Enjoy the crew's daring adventures to save the lives of their families and thousands of others.



THE VOODOO EXPERIENCE





Whorism. Satanism. Damnation. After driving twelve hours from Coastal to New Orleans, I can honestly say that those were not the words I'd imagine first walking to City Park for the Voodoo Experience. Yet, there they were written on large black and white signs being picketed by Christian protesters. However, this had no effect on the 85,000 people who entered under the majestic skull archways on Day 1 into what was soon to be the largest collection of good vibes since Woodstock. I came in only knowing about six of the acts that were scheduled to play. I quickly learned after listening to Foals that it didn't matter if I knew their sets before – because part of the experience was appreciating the many artists that I wasn't familiar with. But I have to admit; I was not disappointed in the acts that I did know. G-Eazy, who I did not have much of an opinion on surprised me as his fluorescent energy matched his green Joker hair on the main stage. It was the next two acts that truly left me speechless: Porter Robinson and The Weeknd. Between the graphics on the LED screens and the lights that were set to match, Porter's performance was top of the festival. The Weeknd, who I was expecting to be foiled by, did the exact opposite. I was entranced. It was so crisp and clean, and not to mention – steamy. Coming into Day 2, we planned a more EDM centered list of performers: Snakehips, DJ Mustard,

Alice in Wonderland, and Excision. We were only few rows away from the stage and sweating like crazy, but I truly never thought I could feel as if I was one with the music until then. Towards the end of Excision we headed over near the cultural art vendors through the cemetery and quickly came back down to Earth once a skeleton screamed and popped out of a tombstone. (Lesson to learn, don't cut through cemeteries.) Day 3 came, and it was the one we were waiting for. After joining the crowd two hours prior to the main event and making our way ten rows from the stage, we were ready. Snails, who we definitely vibed out to, had opened for our beloved Chainsmokers. Let me just say, they did not Let Me Down. From the acapella intro into Closer, to the fireworks that shot out of the stage during Roses, I became even more of a fan than I had already been. Suffice to say, I'll be having a second Voodoo Experience next halloweekend.

Written by Cait Przetak

A SCENE OF ONE'S OWN: an Interview with Sheena Ozzella

Written by Zach Thomas

Underground music's touting of itself as a more authentic, humane alternative to the mainstream is nothing new. Since their inceptions, genres like punk and hardcore have all at least theoretically attempted to provide accessible, affordable shows, kinder environments, and to discuss topics the average hormone-infested, pissed off, ideologically inclined young person can relate to. Yet, as with the solidification of any social conventions, the problems of the outside world are often transmitted into these genres and their respective locales.

As one might imagine, an issue gaining momentum in recent years has been the discussion of the general treatment and perception of women in these scenes. A concrete change is the unprecedented amount of women playing in bands, attending and participating at shows, creating zines, flyers, and booking and promoting. On a more intellectual level, numerous bands and individuals continue to challenge the traditional notions of femininity as seen through the go-to cisgender and heteronormative lenses by using their music and involvement as ideological mediums.

It occurred to me that better insight into this topic would be had by speaking to a woman from one such well-established band. An obvious choice was Sheena Ozzella

from Buffalo, NY's Lemuria, a band I've had the pleasure of seeing several times and which has been stocking up a catalog of music with their rare style of catchy punk for over a decade now. I had the chance to speak with her at their August 13th show in Charlotte, NC.

Zach Thomas: Are there any particular women in art, literature, music, etc., who initially inspired you to start playing?

Sheena Ozzella: Yeah, of course. Music is what I know best. I can remember when I first started playing, we toured with Rachel Jacobs and there were a few shows we played with Des Ark. Aimée was the guitar player in that band and she was definitely the first woman I remember seeing and thinking "holy shit." She does solo stuff, too, but she's an incredible guitar player. She was really fluid with the music that they were playing. When you first learn an instrument, you're afraid to move around and you're afraid to fuck anything up, so I feel like watching her made me feel like you could fuck stuff up without fucking it up. She was just so fluid and it made me want to be more loose and experiment.

ZT: What about any more contemporary women in music?

“I’m not going to lie. When women come up to me and say they’re inspired to play music, that feels really good... It was predominantly men in the scene, but I feel like they were always welcoming to teaching and learning from women and just including women in such a different way than a lot of other cities. ”

SO: There are the obvious influences that I think a lot of bands from this generation are pulling from like Fleetwood Mac. Christine McVie is amazing. There’s a lot. That’s hard.

ZT: One that blew me away was when some friends and I were at a festival a few years ago and stumbled upon Screaming Females by accident.

SO: Yeah! Marissa [Paternoster] is another one. She also has a voice that’s deeper and vibrato-y. I don’t know how she does it and can still sing in key. It’s crazy. She’s definitely an inspiration, too, being around her and watching her. She’s an inspiration for so many people, not even gender-based. She’s a boss at what she does, she’s a total master, and she’s sweet.

ZT: Do you think it’s important for bands to be described as female-fronted?

SO: No, I don’t think. I would prefer to have that not be the case. As a three piece, I don’t like when our band is described as a female-fronted band because I think the other two members of our band are equally as lead as I am, even if I sing more.

ZT: It seems like with bands that focus on things more overtly political, it might be more important in those

cases. But I don't ever really pick up on any kind of political vibe from you all.

SO: Yeah, we don't sing about politics. We're a political band, but we don't write songs about politics.

ZT: Do you think being a woman in a band is inherently political or lends itself to any kind of ethos?

SO: I'm not going to lie. When women come up to me and say they're inspired to play music, that feels really good. I'm from Buffalo, NY and I feel like I truly grew up in the best possible music situation. It was predominantly men in the scene, but I feel like they were always welcoming to teaching and learning from women and just including women in such a different way than a lot of other cities. I don't view Buffalo as a political scene, mostly, but I do think it's important. We have so many transgender issues in this country. I see a band like G.L.O.S.S. and they're a band that very much so is political. But, given what transgender people have to go through, I think it's important for them to step up and be vocal about being transgender in music.

ZT: That's the kind of band I had in mind when I said gender identity would be really important for certain bands. They're probably the ones shaking up people the most at the moment, at least in terms of how people view gender. On a semi-related note, what are the biggest changes or improvements in regards to women in music that you've seen since you all have been playing?

SO: I'm surrounded by so many women who are amazing at music. I think I take it for granted sometimes. But I

think from when I started playing music to now, it's gotten so much better. We talked about labeling a band "female-fronted" but I think now more than ever, more women are speaking out and being like, "we are musicians." The title is changing a lot more, which is really important, because all the young girls that are trying to learn music need to know that they're musicians, they're not girls who play music. I've been really lucky. I'm in a band with two people who are incredible and who have supported me playing music for the thirteen years we've been playing together. I just hope that other women have that experience where you can surround yourself with people who aren't going to treat you differently because you're a woman.

ZT: A lot of music scenes still at least feel like a boys' club but at the same time, just from going to punk and hardcore shows in my little city, there are more women. Not only coming to shows, but playing.

SO: Yeah, each genre kind of has its typical roles. It's always cool to be a person who can speak out on it and do something different. But at the same time, you don't want to be doing something just to do something. That being said, I don't think there's anything wrong with women who say "we want to be in a band because we're women." That's wonderful. If that's what you want to do, that's what you want to do. But again, it's really important to me and my band to just be good at our instruments and it does kind of bum us out when people consider us a female-fronted band because everyone in the band equally puts in the amount of work to write the material. I might have better hair than everybody else.

“The title is changing a lot more, which is really important, because all the young girls that are trying to learn music need to know that they’re musicians, they’re not girls who play music.”

ZT: How do you think women’s experiences in subcultural music might differ from mainstream music, if at all?

SO: It’s scary to be a woman and travel sometimes. You get your dumbass shit said to you at shows no matter where you are. But I think that happens to every woman. Maybe pop stars have bodyguards and they don’t have to talk to people in a social way like smaller bands do.

ZT: What is the most important women’s issue in underground music at the moment?

SO: Transgender issues are currently such an issue that it’s been more important to me to be aware of what’s going on and to be aware of bands that are coming up and just supporting people. At the same time, it’s just important to continue doing what you really want to do and not do it just because you think there need to be more women in music. I would hope that with the new generation of younger kids, they can still inspire us old people with current topics that are going on. We’re not going to talk about politics. But they are important.

ZT: Lastly, when can we expect new material from Lemuria?

SO: Next year. We have the record almost done. It’s really close!

Check out Lemuria at:

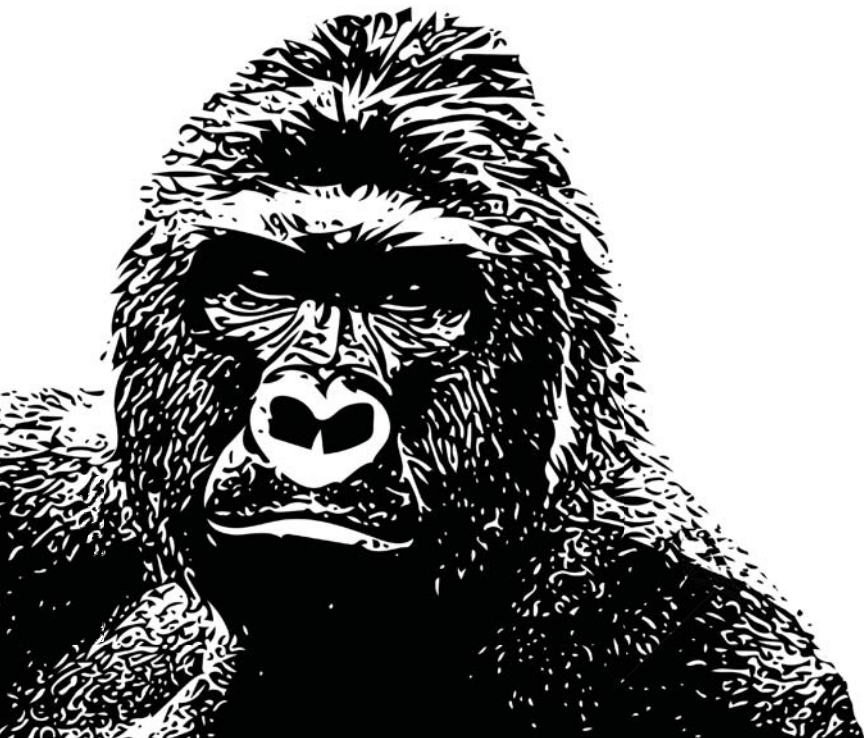
Lemuriapop.com

Instagram - @lemuriapop

an open letter to **HARAM-BAE**

I would first like to say Happy belated Birthday; many people may not have known that you were born on May 27th, 1999. But they will know it was May 28th, 2016 when we lost you. You were at Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Garden for a mere year, and just seventeen years old when the controversial tragedy began to shake and divide America. If you ask a millennial, or even a generation X what happened in the week of your accident, they will most likely only note you. Your death had trumped newsfeeds across all platforms, beating out other topics such as security clashes with ISIS in Iraq, a World War II plane crashing into the Hudson, and even the deadly floods that plagued the Texas and Kansas areas. Eyes and hearts across the nation were filled with either sorrow or hate. Hate of the Cincinnati Zoo Special Team that shot you while the young boy was between your legs. Hate of the mother that took her eyes off of her child. But the most remarkable part of your story is how you live on. You've become more than just one of the few thousand Silverback Gorillas. You've become the figure for the generation. Whether it's honorary an R.I.P. on a Tinder profile, Instagram, or even Twitter bio – you are remembered. People have created memes of you, t-shirts, mugs, shot glasses, socks, and even Christmas sweaters. You've become part of the president campaign with your own slogan, "I'm with Harambe." Common cheers and captions include men having their d*cks out for Harambe, as the women have their t*ts out Harambe – obviously helping to promote gender equality. Although you may no longer be with us physically, your spirit will always be present.

Rest In Peace.



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